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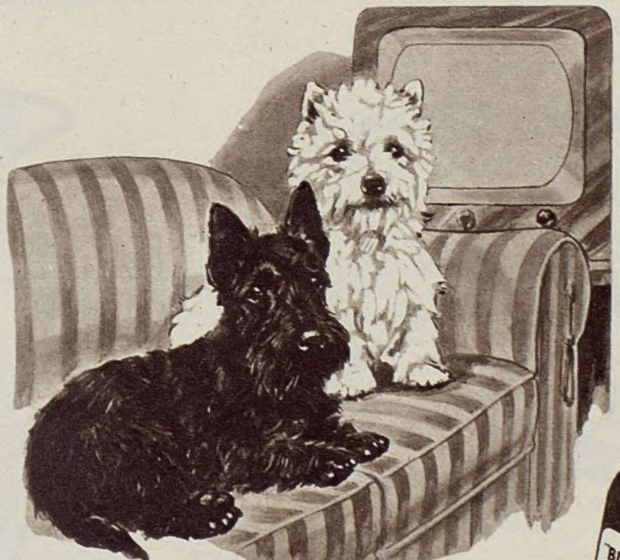

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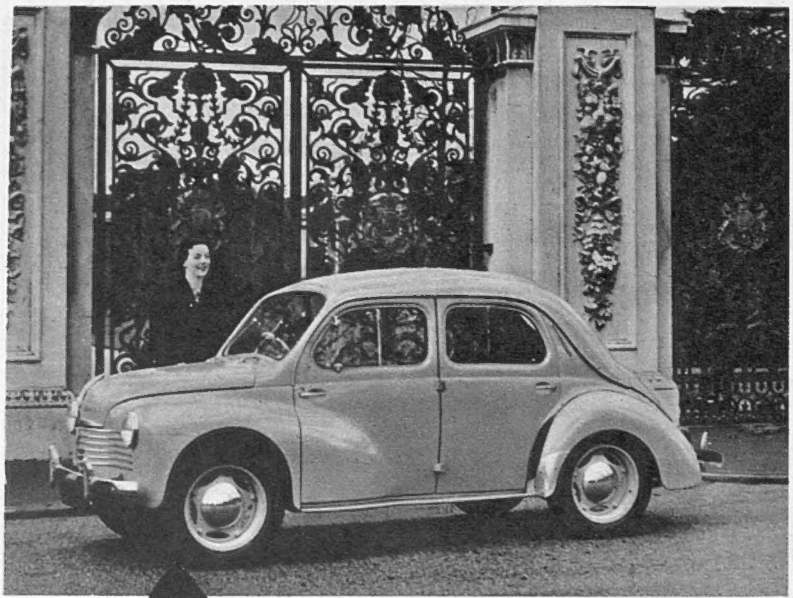

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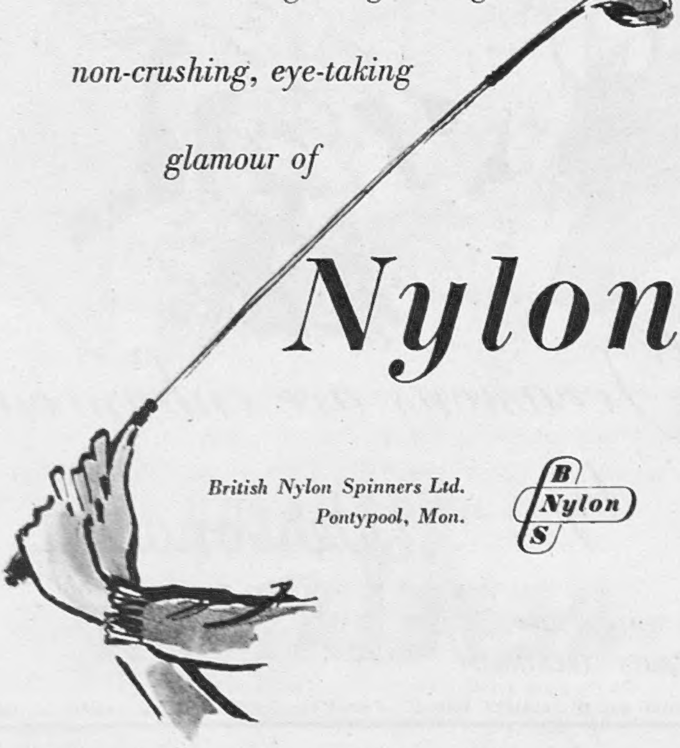

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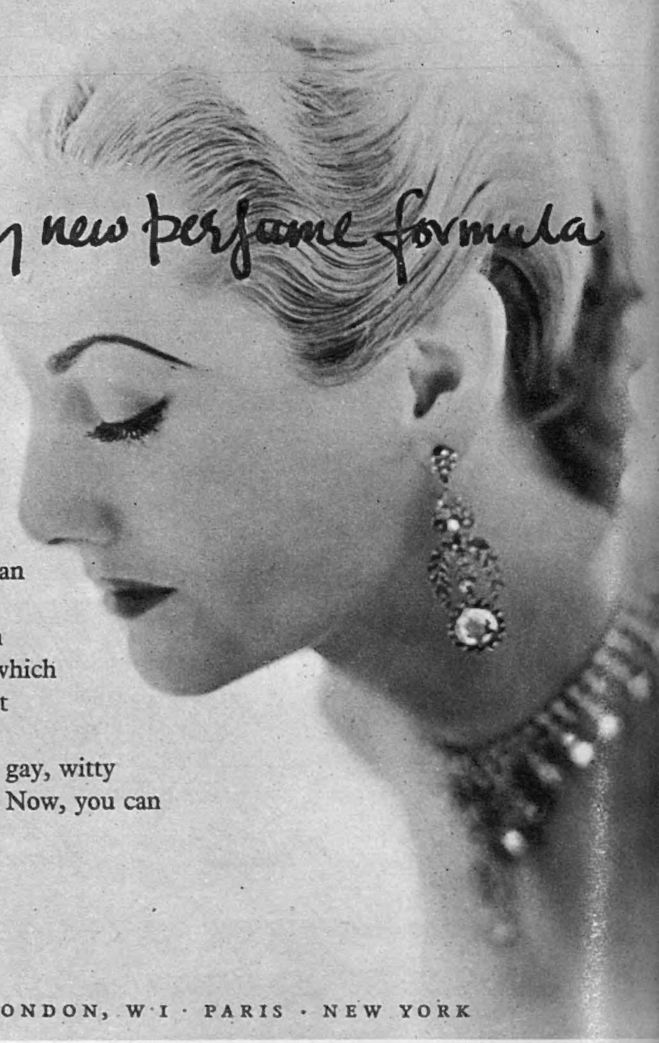

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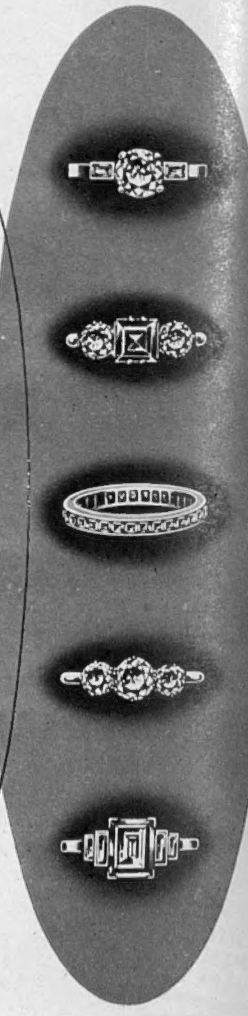


The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1951

Photographed by Houston Rogers.

GWEN CHERRELL plays second lead in Peter Ustinov's new play, *The Love of Four Colonels*, due to-night, May 23, at Wyndham's Theatre. The play stars Ustinov, Moira Lister, and Gwen Cherrell ; is directed by John Fernald.

ALL LIT UP—the Festival site on the South Bank.

Sketch-Book

By Henry Longhurst

I NEVER was an autograph hound. A confirmed bug-hunter in early days, I preferred, as it were, to catch my Silver-Washed Fritillaries in a net rather than at the stage door. On the other hand, in company with all who have attended golf championships in Scotland, I can claim to have suffered at least as much as a true celebrity from autograph fiends.

In Scotland they take the shape of hordes of small children, mainly with the red hair, freckles, two long canine teeth, and unintelligible speech peculiar to the race. To the uninitiated there is a certain smug pleasure in being surrounded by a swarm of these juvenile sycophants, more especially if they rush straight from securing the signature of a Jones or Hagen.

Deflation, however, soon follows. Having signed a number of books with a nonchalant air, you observe the owners elbowing their way out to decipher the name of their catch—an operation at once followed by shrill, derogatory cries of "Och! He's no' anyone!" and the melting away of the remaining customers.

Long ago there occurred to me a stratagem which has given, I like to think, much innocent pleasure in many parts of Scotland. For years now I have signed myself Henry Cotton. This "capture" has now thrilled hundreds of children and, since I claim my rendering to be indistinguishable from the original, no forgery will be proved or disillusionment suffered.

The above comes to mind because, having a daughter of autograph-hunting age at St. Trinian's, I find myself in the rôle of embarrassed agent-collector. If you have never done it before, there is something hideously insidious about the whole business, and I confess I was hard put to it to conceal a smirk of satisfaction, on going to see Bobby Locke at Addington Palace the other day, at securing both the master golfer and Bob Hope. The "swap" value of this distinguished double, both on the same sheet of paper, has proved, I learn, to be ten jam-tarts and a geometry set.

AND what an excellent fellow Bob Hope is! To be boosted by every known form of ballyhoo, to be expected to utter some wisecrack every time you open your mouth, to earn so much money that you have to employ a corps of accountants to handle it, and then to remain in private perfectly normal, sane, adult good company seems to me no mean feat, and I hereby lift my hat.

On this occasion Hope was pursued by newsreel cameramen filming his game in the drizzle of a typical English summer's morn, while other experts

attended on Locke in case the sun should come out and enable them to continue his instructional film. What with all this and a full-length film on the life, near-death and comeback of Ben Hogan, called *Follow the Sun*, the humble, pedestrian game of golf seems to be coming into its own on the screen.

I look forward to seeing *Follow the Sun*, partly because it shows not only the actor, Glenn Ford, made up to look like Hogan, but also, for the more expert shots, Hogan made up to look like Glenn Ford made up to look like Hogan; and partly because it marks the first occasion on which I have been personally honoured with any of the fabulous film publicity one hears so much about.

Though most of it is disappointingly subdued, the first sentence is perhaps curious enough to uphold the general reputation:

> The latter-day Boswell is a young woman named Valerie Hogan, whose personal Dr. Johnson happens to be not a lexicographer but a champion golfer. . . .

This is nothing, however, to an item which I collected recently in America and pass on irrelevantly but with relish:

> Ten thousand men ready to die, so that this fabled beauty might love again. Stupendous thrills as mighty armies clash. . . . Civilisation trembles . . . while Richard the Lion Heart's unkissed bride shrinks from the barbaric embrace of conquering, love-mad Saladin.

This splendid stuff was drawing attention to Mr. Cecil B. de Mille's film *The Crusades* in America's senior daily.

Reverting to Bob Hope and his golf, which, once the half-dozen exploratory waggles, reminiscent of the late Sandy Herd, are over, is of a genuinely high order, he will this week be attempting in the amateur championship at Porthcawl to excel last year's performance by his friend and rival, Bing Crosby, at St. Andrews. In the purely golfing sphere Mr. Hope is already assured of a tie, for Mr. Crosby, though scoring a 3 at the first hole, was defeated by a local citizen and fellow-vocalist in the first round. It is not, however, by the golf but by the box office that such stars are judged, and here Mr. Crosby set a severe target.

Whereas at Troon and Prestwick thousands enter the course unchecked *via* the "Aberdeen gate," *i.e.* the sandhills, at St. Andrews practically no one can get in without paying. So when upwards of [illegible],ooo persons braved a wet Monday morning, thus breaking all existing voluntary absenteeism records for Fifeshire, to hear Mr. Crosby play golf, the receipts for that day alone were such as to pay the expenses of the next Walker Cup match against the United States. We look to Mr. Hope to stay in long enough, and our Welsh friends to turn out in sufficient strength, to fill the kitty for 1953.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, in a passage I often re-read, recalls some sage who, as he grew older, came to regard all experience as a single great book, in which to study for a few years ere we went hence; and it seemed all one to him "whether you should read in Chapter XX., which is the differential calculus; or Chapter XXXIV., which is hearing the band play in the gardens."

This being part of *An Apology for Idlers*, he might well have added "or Chapter XLV., which is building the gardens for other people to listen to the band in." This week—or so it is predicted at the time of writing these notes—while Mr. Hope does battle at breezy Porthcawl, the Festival Pleasure Gardens are to be open in all their glory, opposite my window in Cheyne Walk. As a saga of long and splendid idleness their erection can hardly have been surpassed. Day by day I have admired from the outer side of the wire enclosure this brilliant exposition of the gentle art of doing nothing and getting paid for it. One of the day's entertainments has been to take a count of those visible, those absolutely motionless, those moving, and those working. An average score was 45, 37, 5, 3.

Everyone has a lurking admiration for a good racket, and here was one of the best. Shocked stories appeared from time to time in the newspapers, but I always think they are much too solemn about these things. Who, for instance, can deny a twinge of fellow-feeling with the gentlemen who for months used to queue up on a Friday and draw their pay, and then move across to another firm and draw another lot? And, when that fell through, they used to clock in at one end of Battersea Park, walk out through the other, do a week's work somewhere else and return to draw their Fun Fair pay, plus overtime, plus exhibition pay, plus incentive bonus! All very deplorable, no doubt, but there is something of the old British qualities of initiative and improvisation in that, and it seemed a pity to waste it all on a Fun Fair.

Now it is all over. The people who paid the piper are to be allowed in to listen to the tune, and I can only wish them a more cheerful inauguration than on that grey morning when we raised a few damp, valiant cheers for the King and Queen on the South Bank.

Whatever may be the verdict on these two main Festival dishes, they will at least reveal to a million people the wondrous beauty of London's river. Not that I wish to appear blasé about this, for I never realised it myself until the family moved to Cheyne Walk a year ago. Now, sitting in the window and watching the traffic—pleasure steamers, lighters, water-buses, sailing barges from Holland and Norway, colliers with propellers threshing half out of the water, police launches, and the occasional rowing eight—I often wonder whether any river in the world can equal the Thames as a means of transport, a way of viewing the city, and simply as a scene of beauty.

APPRECIATION of the national treasures we are now inviting the world to inspect has been further heightened by the appearance of, to me, quite the most enchanting book of its kind, called *Here's England*, by an American novelist, Ruth McKenney, and her husband, Richard Bransten. Heaven knows how many evenings I have spent trying to persuade friends in America that England in May and June is something out of this world (not to mention the dollar at 2.80)! They will come; then they won't; then they may; then they don't. *Here's England* would have turned the scale.

I mention it here because these two writers, who confess to loving England "in spite of raspberry trifle, toad-in-the-hole, kippers, no ice, dish-water beer, and long underwear," in interpreting the English scene to their fellow Americans have succeeded in interpreting it at last to the natives. No Londoner could read without a sense of grateful revelation their "What to do with a British Sunday"; or without a sense of what he is missing in front of his own nose their stories of the Tower, the City and the Temple and the Wars of the Roses.

The English have long judged foreign countries by "whether you can get a steak." This outlook is still rife among our American friends, who are deflected from England in tens of thousands by the thought of an 8d. meat ration. Ruth McKenney has us in perspective here, too. "England is beautiful, ravishing, glorious; but the food is no good. You cannot have everything. South Bend has good, thick steaks, broiled rare; and London has Westminster Abbey."

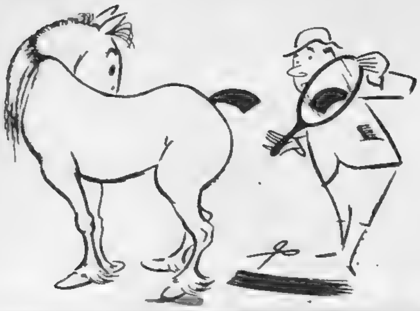
As to her writings on Canterbury, where she and her husband, standing in the choir, "felt that moment of intense experience, that swift explosion of joy which comes only three or four times in a lifetime," I hide my head in shame at the thought of how many years I have passed it as "on the way to Sandwich." This is the brightest, wittiest, closest-to-home book I have read for years. I bought it to send to my pen pal in Detroit. Now it is by my bedside, with another dozen on order.

"..TO HEAR MR. CROSBY PLAY GOLF.."

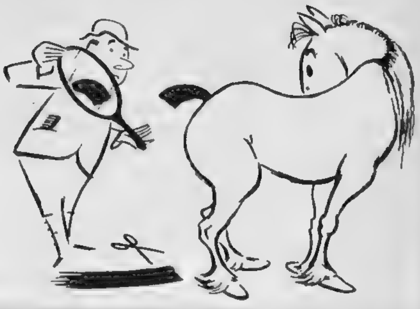
"..THE GENTLE ART OF DOING NOTHING.."

"..LONDON HAS WESTMINSTER ABBEY.."

Illustrated by Martin Aitchison.



AT THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW



WITH a spectacular floodlit evening session as its Festival Year contribution, the Royal Windsor Horse Show provided thrills and pleasure enough to massed spectators shrouded in rugs, furs, winter coats against the cold wind. The Household Cavalry's musical ride, with pipes and drums of the 1st The Scots Guards, gave the triumphant finale.

Pictures : *Centre* : The musical ride of the Household Cavalry, with the Castle for background. *Left* : Winner in the Weight-carrying Cob Class 6, Mrs. H. Cooke on her *Alexander*. *Right* : Mrs. H. M. Greenstreet's Dalmatian *Plum* ran close at the heels of his inseparable pal, chestnut gelding *Tickety Boo*, competing in the Single Private Driving Turn-out.

Date-Book (Our Social Diary)

APRIL 28.

NICHOLAS — HADKINSON WEDDING: Sir Ian Fraser, M.P., between Mr. Hilton Nicholas of Melbourne, Australia, and former Mrs. Brenda Hadkinson, at the Dorchester after their Caxton Hall marriage.

MAY 1.

"MUSHROOMS GALORE," M. André Simon's new book, dedicated to Mr. Compton Mackenzie (left), was launched with champagne and lots of divinely-cooked mushroom dishes.

NICHOLAS — HADKINSON WEDDING.

"MUSHROOMS GALORE."

MAY 1.

AT THE B.I.F.: During their visit to British Industries Fair, Earls Court, the King and Queen were specially interested in Viyella stand, where with Sir Edward Herbert, and Export Controller Mr. P. Bushell, they discussed tartans.

MAY 1.

PORTRAIT-PAINTER'S PREVIEW: Sir Oswald Birley threw big party at R.I. Galleries, Piccadilly, before opening of his splendid show. Mrs. Benjamin Welles, Sumner Welles's daughter-in-law, of Washington, D.C., found Birley's 1910 portrait of her mother at the opera.

AT THE B.I.F.

PORTRAIT-PAINTER'S PREVIEW.

MAY 2.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BALL: At the Grosvenor 300 débutantes and partners danced to Bill Savill's orchestra. Traditional ritual was observed; a cloud of white dresses rustled into the ballroom on this, the 24th deb. birthday ball; curtsies were made to Lady Hamond-Graeme, the President; the immense cake was in evidence. These three young people enjoyed the party: *Left*, the Hon. Jennifer Lowther, her ermine muff trimmed with lily-of-the-valley matched spray in her hair. *Right*: Miss Chelsey Lloyd's off-one-shoulder gown was silver-striped; her partner, Sub-Lieut. W. Swinley.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BALL.

Date – (Our Social

RED HAT BALL

SCOTS WHA' HAE.

PALAIRET — BIBBY WEDDING.

QUEEN BESS IN SUSSEX.

SCULPTURE IN THE OPEN.

HOLLAND-HIBBERT — PORTMAN WEDDING.

MAY 2.

RED HAT BALL: At the Dorchester, the Red Hat Ball in aid of the Christ Church United Clubs. In the picture: Miss Grace Coolidge danced with Captain H. Bowes-Lyon.

MAY 4.

SCOTS WHA' HAE: Lady Macpherson of Drumochter cut tape to open Edinburgh's Clan Information Room. It's clan centre, during Festivals of Britain and Edinburgh, for overseas visitors of Scottish descent. *Left:* Lord Macpherson. *Right:* Mr. Burdett.

MAY 5.

PALAIRET — BIBBY WEDDING: At Tarporley Parish Church, Major J. H. Palairet, 3rd Dragoon Guards, of Westhill, Ledbury, Herefordshire, married Miss Anne M. Bibby, daughter of Major and Mrs. A. H. Bibby, of Tilstone Lodge, Tarporley.

MAY 5.

QUEEN BESS IN SUSSEX: Below Arundel Castle battlements, full-dress rehearsal for Festival pageant covering Sussex history from Roman times. Princess Elizabeth arranged to attend opening. Nora Pettit was Queen Elizabeth; her retinue, Ladies Anne, Jane, Mary and Sarah Fitzalan-Howard, daughters of Duke of Norfolk, who owns the Castle.

MAY 7.

SCULPTURE IN THE OPEN: The Duchess of Kent, opening second International Exhibition of Sculpture in Battersea Park, walked round Epstein's *Lazarus* to get a fresh angle on it.

MAY 8.

HOLLAND-HIBBERT — PORTMAN WEDDING: At Holy Trinity, Brompton, Mr. M. Holland-Hibbert, son of the Hon. Wilfred and Mrs. Holland-Hibbert, of Grove House, Beckley, married the Hon. Sheila Portman, daughter of the late Lord Portman and of Sybil Lady Portman, of Staple-Fitzpaine, Taunton. Bride was given away by uncle, Lord Yarborough.

Book
Diary - Cont.)

MAY 7.

ROYAL JEST: The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were guests of the Lord Mayor, Mr. Denys Lowson, and the Lady Mayoress at a dinner at the Mansion House, held to celebrate the centenary of St. John's School, Leatherhead.

MAY 8.

MANCROFT—QUARRY WEDDING: Lord Mancroft, of 48, Montagu Square, W.1, married Mrs. Diana Quarry at Marylebone Town Hall. The groom was a Senior Staff Officer during D-Day invasion.

ROYAL JEST.

MANCROFT — QUARRY WEDDING.

MAY 10.

FOR PALACE PRESENTATION: General Leon Johnson, Commanding U.S. Air Forces in Britain, took snapshot of his daughter Sally as she left for Buckingham Palace to be presented to the King and Queen at to-day's Presentation Party.

MAY 10.

KEIGHLEY—LUBBOCK WEDDING: At St. George's, Hanover Square, Mr. Geoffrey Keighley, son of the late Mr. A. W. Keighley, and of Mrs. Keighley, of Sydney, Australia, married Miss Olivia Lubbock, daughter of the Hon. Maurice and Mrs. Lubbock, of 14, Lowndes Square, S.W.1.

FOR PALACE PRESENTATION.

KEIGHLEY — LUBBOCK WEDDING.

MAY 14.

HURST PARK 'CHASES: Lady Stalbridge's *Red April*, T. Cusack up, won the new Queen Elizabeth Steeplechase from *Lockerbie* and *Rideo* in a fine race. Miss Robina Grosvenor is seen leading the splendid veteran in.

MAY 14.

OPENING REGATTA: Mr. Douglas Hume with his wife June, raced in their Flying Fifteen, *My Dear A*, at the Royal Northern Yacht Club regatta, Rosneath, Scotland.

HURST PARK 'CHASES.

OPENING REGATTA.

Date-Book (Abroad)

JAMAICA'S NEW GOVERNOR.

GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN.

APRIL 7.

JAMAICA'S NEW GOVERNOR, H.E. Sir Hugh Foot, with Lady Foot, arrived at Kingston; were met by, *centre*, Colonial Secretary the Hon. D. C. MacGillivray, and (*right*) the Mayor, Mr. W. Sievwright.

MAY 7.

GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN, gave hearty welcome to British-built (Swan, Hunter of Newcastle) Swedish Lloyd liner *Patricia*, arriving after maiden voyage. Latest London - Gothenburg passenger ship, the luxurious answer for lazy week-ends.

IN ROME.

DENMARK'S PRINCESSES.

RECEIVED MAY 8.

IN ROME: Here 's Mrs. Harry Llewellyn, who 's competed in several international shows, jumping on *Monty* in Rome's 20th International Horse Show. Husband, Lieut.-Col. H. Llewellyn, finished second on *Foxhunter*, Mr. P. Robeson third on *Craven A*, in eliminating high-jumping event for Campidoglio Cup.

RECEIVED MAY 8.

DENMARK'S PRINCESSES: Charming snapshot shows Queen Ingrid and roguish little daughters at home in Copenhagen. L. to r., they are: Princesses Margrethe, Anne-Marie, Benedikte.

SIAMESE PRINCESS.

NEW YORK.

RECEIVED MAY 9.

SIAMESE PRINCESS: From Switzerland comes picture of King Pumibol and Queen Sikrit of Siam with baby Princess Ubol Ratana (Diamond Lotus). She was born at Lausanne on April 6—eleven months after marriage and coronation of parents in Bangkok.

MAY 12.

NEW YORK: General Douglas MacArthur, deposed Far East chief, tossed out baseball at New York's polo ground, to start the New York Giants'-Philadelphia Phils' game. *Left*: Giants' manager, Leo Durocher. *Right*, orchidaceous, Mrs. MacArthur.

Melvillainy

DERBY DAY DREAM

I DREAMED I won the Derby on a dachshund called Doreen.
(I 'd had Stilton cheese and pickles rather late.)
It was all extremely vivid, and Her Majesty the Queen
Wished me luck as I approached the starter's gate.
I had laid a hundred thousand pounds at 66 to 1
That Doreen and I would win the Epsom classic ;
In the paddock, she was sweating : for some reason, Irene Dunne
Rubbed her down with hot molasses and boracic.
Things became a shade confusing, as in dreams they 're apt to do :
Gordon Richards and his mount were playing rummy ;
But what vexed me and brought Doreen's odds right down to 9 to 2
Was the way her saddle slipped right round her tummy.

At the start I leapt into the lead and soon was out of sight
To the frantic cheering of that vast assembly.
Doreen crawled right *under* Becher's Brook, which didn't seem quite right
As the race was not at Epsom, but at Wembley.
Lester Piggott was behind me, gaining hard upon my heels :
He was riding, though I can't think why, a hearse.
We both paused for several minutes to enjoy some jellied eels
On the rails with young Prince Charles and his nurse.
Tony Mottram rode a camel ; Stanley Matthews rode a tram ;
Mrs. Braddock was on Brumas, lying second.
We were held up at Swiss Cottage in a shocking traffic jam
Which was something with which none of us had reckoned.

In the straight, Aneurin Bevan had a puncture and withdrew ;
While Doreen contracted jaundice and turned yellow.
We were climbing up the Skylon ; at the top, we joined a queue
Which turned out to be for Abbott and Costello.
I brought out the whip and used it on my gallant dachshund's rear.
She responded, speeding past the post—the winner !
M. Boussac tried to buy her, but the price was much too dear
So he bought instead a carthorse, bred in Pinner.
I remember, just before I woke, Doreen and I were led
To receive the cup presented by Jack Hylton :
And the moral of this saga is : before you go to bed
Don't indulge in any pickles or in Stilton.

ALAN MELVILLE.

Candid Cameo

COMPTON MACKENZIE

By Rupert Croft-Cooke

WHEN the younger brother of Montagu Compton Mackenzie was four years old his parents took him to a doctor. They were worried by his backwardness. "He can't read yet," they said, and on being told that it would be freakish if he could, they explained that their elder son, Monty, could read at the age of two. So early was he the precocious boy, and I sometimes wonder whether, in some sense, he has not remained just that. Now that he is in his later sixties, and with Somerset Maugham joint doyen of English novelists, grey-bearded, almost venerable if seen at a distance, he might have taken on some of the portentousness which goes with these things. But no, for as often as not he is as irresponsible, as mischievous, as full of gusto, as the absurdly forward Pauline he must have been half-a-century since.

When I last visited him at his Berkshire home he greeted me with lamentations because he had just seen the first new moon of the year through glass. He was coming across to the house, a fourteenth-century manor, from his library, an ancient wool-shed in which Amy Robsart spent her last night, and with a felt hat, rising to a point in the centre, and a loose overcoat, he looked, with his sharp profile and merry eyes, like some fairly beneficent wizard in a fairy story. (Of fairies, incidentally, he says that he does not dismiss the possibility of their existence.)

When he has settled by the fireside, this man likes to talk. That in itself is unusual in an age which spends its time inventing things to relieve the need for conversation. But what is unique is the quality of his talk. There may be readers who do not like his books, listeners unimpressed by his broadcasts, but no one who has heard Mackenzie in the full flow of personal reminiscences, criticism, mimicry and humour doubts that he has listened to the best living talker, and perhaps the most varied and exciting since the eighteenth century. The range, the indefatigability, the generosity of that talk is unmatched. So also are its durations. During the war I spent my embarkation leave of ten days with him on the Isle of Barra, where his home then was; I never went to bed before four o'clock in the morning, and frequently saw the sun summoned as if by that gorgeous colloquy.

So see him as his friends have seen him so often, stretched in a long armchair made necessary by the sciatica which racks him for a good many weeks in the year, but of which he says nothing, feeling for one of his heavy pipes, then dictating, doing his crossword puzzle or talking. He is said to dictate or write only with background music from the gramophone, for which he has the finest collection of records in the world—a tribute to his faith in the survival of the gramophone when it was almost universally supposed that it would be killed by radio. As for crosswords, he once told me that his moment of greatest effort every day was when he must put them away to start writing, and he only considers he has defeated *The Times* crossword inventor if he finishes the puzzle within an hour. Of nothing is he more proud than of finding *Sinister Street* or *Guy and Pauline* as clues.

Of his talking it is the mimicry which remains most visually memorable. It is a natural part of his conversation, for he rises as if unconsciously to imitate Sir Hall Caine showing Edward VII. the Isle of Man, Mr. Winston Churchill addressing the Commons, a Lancashire miner congratulating him for having disbanded his detachment of the Home Guard, the late Lord Baldwin, Mr. W. B. Yeats, the late Sir Hugh Walpole, or almost any famous judge of our time. These swift impersonations are no more malicious than good caricatures—but how they explode any pretentiousness that may be in their subjects!

Compton Mackenzie's life has been punctuated by sudden bursts of frequently unwelcome publicity which have broken over his head, until he now calmly awaits some new one, which, he is fatalistically sure, will bring his name into the headlines again. He does not think that any of these, except the first, have sold more copies of his books, and he would have been glad to escape most of them, but it seems to be a kind of fate which overhangs him. First, there was the banning of his books by the lending libraries in 1913, a nine-days wonder which filled acres of newspaper space and still seems incredible, even when one remembers that taste and tolerance have changed. There must be plenty of readers who remember the photographs of the serious-looking young man with straight hair thrown back, high forehead, straight-cut lips, looking almost like a schoolboy beside W. B. Maxwell and Hall Caine, who had suffered the same curious form of literary ostracism. It made *Sinister Street* one of the great best-sellers of the century, and it has been said that no novel has influenced novelists more than this one.

Then, in 1920, when he quietly bought a couple of the Channel Islands for the simple and adequate reason that he likes to live on a piece of land surrounded by water, there was another burst of Press gunfire. This love of islands is a curiously marked characteristic of Mackenzie's. When it suggested to D. H. Lawrence a story called *The Man Who Loved Islands*, Mackenzie was more indignant because Lawrence had made cowslips grow on a limeless soil—a botanical impossibility apparently—than because of its possible reference to himself.

In 1933 his trial under the Official Secrets Act which resulted in the withdrawal of *Greek Memories* gave him the largest headlines to date, and a year later, when he could not lecture in Rio de Janeiro because of one of his attacks of sciatica, the newspapers reported: "Famous Novelist Struck Down by Paralysis." In 1938 came the much-advertised refusal of one Sunday newspaper to serialise his book about the Abdication, *The Windsor Tapestry*, and the immediate serialisation of it by another. Finally, in 1945 when possibility of invasion was no more, he told the crofters and other old men who made up his detachment of the Home Guard on the Isle of Barra that there would be no more parades, and within a week found himself faced with "Novelist Disbands Home Guard," and a jealous outburst, half of approbation, half of criticism, from less lucky Home Guardsmen all over the country. It is a pity, I think, that they did not illustrate their paragraphs at this time with portraits of the novelist as he appeared in uniform, a barathea battle-blouse over the kilt, and his First World War decorations, including some startling ones from Greece, making a large display. It was then, perhaps, that a bitter fellow-writer, stung by news of his mimicry, said: "Compton Mackenzie's trouble is that he thinks he 's a reincarnated Bonnie Prince Charlie."

I should like to have depicted him here with the reverence which his achievements and status should demand. I remind myself of his erudition, his profound knowledge on subjects as diverse as horticulture and Greek history; I tell myself that his first novel was published forty years ago, that among other distinctions he has been Lord Rector of Glasgow University, that novels of his are already included in the World's Classics series; I try to see him in counsel, as he has been, with the greatest statesmen of our time. But it is all quite unavailing, because just as I have built up this impressive figure he chuckles and says that the new Highland farce he is writing to follow *Whisky Galore* and the others, is to be called *The Rival Monster*, and in it the Loch Ness monster has been killed by a flying saucer. Or he jumps up to impersonate H. G. Wells.

It 's no good. He will never be a Grand Old Man.

★

Who . . . Me?

I AM discouraged to read that I can never be a Grand Old Man, because I grew this grey beard for that very purpose. Rupert Croft-Cooke did not see me when I was wandering round the East a year or two ago, looking at the battlefields of the Indian Army. If he had heard me addressed as "Sir" by more than one Lieutenant-General he might have perceived in me the makings of a Nestor and qualified that negative. At the same time, I admit that the friends to whom I showed this Cameo all agreed with the cameographer, and so I must accept his verdict. Alas, poor Yorick! Only one more protest; I do not dictate to music. I tremble to think what my letters (the only dictation I do) would be like if set to music. That would provide a problem even for Stravinsky.

Compton Mackenzie

Photomontage by Angus McBean.

THE MAN WHO LOVES ISLANDS: COMPTON MACKENZIE

Old Stagers

TAKE IT FROM US (Adelphi).
From Joy Nichols, Jimmy Edwards, and Dick Bentley.

LACE ON HER PETTICOAT (Ambassadors).
The daughters of the Marchioness and the milliner meet in the Scotland of 1885.

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO (Apollo).
A naval mixture: comedy and drama on an islet in the Orkneys.

KISS ME, KATE (Coliseum).
An assured American musical piece (Cole Porter score), with some Shakespearean help.

WHO IS SYLVIA? (Criterion).
Terence Rattigan's light comedy flicks amiably across three periods.

CAROUSEL (Drury Lane).
June still bustin' out all over in the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical play.

WHO GOES THERE! (Duke of York's).
The Guardsman Who Dropped It.

TO DOROTHY, A SON (Garrick).
Roger MacDougall's blithe bubble-babble of comedy.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
Paul Scofield as a pair of French twins in the Fry-adapted, Brook-produced charade.

WATERS OF THE MOON (Haymarket).
Dame Sybil and Dame Edith are snowed-up in a Dartmoor guest-house.

BLUE FOR A BOY (His Majesty's).
Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, in skirts and out.

THE LITTLE HUT (Lyric).
Three castaways—one of them Robert Morley—frivol on a tropical island.

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
The late Ivor Novello's romantic musical play, with its fine cast.

DEAR MISS PHŒBE (Phœnix).
Barrie set harmlessly to music.

HIS EXCELLENCY (Piccadilly).
Donald Wolfit as the ex-stevedore who becomes H.E. the Governor of Salva.

MAN AND SUPERMAN (Princes).
Kay Hammond chases John Clements from Surrey to Spain. Text by Shaw. From June 2: the complete five-hour play on Saturdays only.

AFTER THE SHOW (St. Martin's).
An all-friends-together revue.

GAY'S THE WORD (Saville).
So it is—and Cicely Courtneidge leads the gaiety.

WILL ANY GENTLEMAN? (Strand).
The hunting of the Hare.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS (Westminster).
Joyce Redman and Naunton Wayne are At Home.

RELUCTANT HEROES (Whitehall).
Military knock-about in a three-act charade.

AT THE THEATRE

★ First Choice ★

THREE SISTERS
(Aldwych)

WE had waited a long time for this revival of Tchehov's play, his last major piece but one. Many people had said, after *Waters of the Moon* at the Haymarket: "Ah, yes, pleasant enough—imitating Tchehov, of course. Wait until the real thing at the Aldwych." And now we have had the real thing, with a cast as distinguished as that at the Haymarket. Speaking for myself, I have to admit (in astonishment) that the first night of the new play was more exciting than the first night of the masterwork. Here was a puzzle: it became all the more disturbing when some playgoers began to hold that *Three Sisters* was clearly overpraised, anyway, and what was all this chatter about Tchehov?

It is, of course, easy to crab Tchehov. For many he must be an acquired taste. If you do not like his bitter-sweetness, the way in which his people drift, autumn leaves, through a world that is always October, you can say that the man, as a playwright, was merely a repetitive fellow who did not know his business. But, even if you do say this, it will be odd, I think, how often you will find yourself remembering the men and women of Tchehov long after a production, when the minnows of last night's routine comedy will already have flicked and faded from the mind. Everyone in *Three Sisters* remains with us: the sisters themselves, with their griefs, yearnings, rebellions, and, far off, the mirage of a Moscow that they will never see. If I may quote myself:

. . . October—it's their constant mood,
Those sunset embers and that fading wood;
Far, far, the domes of Moscow; faint, the thin,
The heartsick sighing of a violin.

The Aldwych revival restores these people to the stage. Sir Ralph Richardson, in a most unselfish performance, finds the comedy at the heart of Vershinin; Celia Johnson (Olga) shows again that she is one of the most delicate players in the theatre; Margaret Leighton has Masha's dark grief. We can go on through the cast: Renée Asherson, Diana Churchill, Walter Hudd (as true and subtle as ever), Harcourt Williams, Robert Beaumont: a company surely matched to the play. Alas, on the first night the units never made the full sum. The piece dawdled; there were long waits; the producer had not established the proper rhythm; and we looked in vain for the Tchehovian spell to assert itself. *Three Sisters*, to a newcomer, might very well have seemed a meandering tale about the longings and futilities of a provincial family and the soldiers of the local garrison. By now, no doubt, the production will have settled, and the cast as a whole will be presenting Tchehov and not playing unwittingly against him.

Margaret Leighton as Masha

Ralph Richardson as Lt. Col. Vershinin

Harcourt Williams as Cheboutikin

. with J. C. TREWIN

HASSAN
(Cambridge)

I AM very much afraid that the revived *Hassan* does not make the golden journey to Samarkand, though the first-night vigil was almost worth while for the sake of the last poem (" and softly through the silence beat the bells "). James Elroy Flecker regarded the play as his major work. At the Cambridge, where the piece makes a long night indeed, much of the prose labours and not all of the speaking satisfies. André Huguenet's Hassan is direct and unremarkable; Frederick Valk's Caliph was hard to hear at the première; and Hilda Simms might find more variation in Pervaneh's ecstasy. Flecker's voice comes through most clearly in the Ishak of Laurence Hardy, in Laurence Harvey's Rafi—the similarity in names may puzzle future recorders—and in John Byron's Jafar and Fountain Ghost. Elizabeth Sellars has a good shot at Yasmin, a regrettable young woman. At its height—and the few exquisite poems aside—the piece is opulent melodrama: I wish that Basil Dean had reconsidered those comic-opera policemen and that stammering guard.

DANNY KAYE
(Palladium)

THERE is a moment, in the middle of his act, when Danny Kaye sings very quietly, " Will ye no' come back again ? " and the crammed theatre is at once in a pin-still hush. Yet, within a few minutes, laughter is so loud that people in Argyll Street might well take to their heels, fearing that the theatre must crumble and fall. Kaye can now do anything he likes with an audience; he can chat to them gently, he can sing a song or two; he can dance (his turn with the Dunhills is a miracle of comic timing). The response is always the same. I stood at the side of the theatre to watch his act: few other performers could have kept me there, unconscious of the time, for more than an hour.

HENRY IV., PART TWO
(Stratford-upon-Avon)

THE King dies; Shallow is cozened; Falstaff is cast off; Prince Hal comes to the throne as Henry the Fifth; and we look now towards the last of the chronicles in the Stratford season. The third instalment in the serial has come to the theatre in a production by Michael Redgrave that is inventive and not over-fussed. Anthony Quayle's Falstaff has grown more confident, and Richard Burton's Hal is as restrained as before. Again, Harry Andrews's King Henry—now speaking magnificently the invocation to Sleep—commands the Stratford stage. Alan Badel's Shallow, a husk of a man, is well suggested, and I like very much Barbara Jefford's one speech for the widowed Lady Percy.

Next Stage

SHAKESPEARE, reasonably perhaps, is still a popular dramatist at Stratford-upon-Avon. Two plays remain for production in this season's Festival. On June 26 the Memorial Theatre Company moves temporarily from the Historical Cycle and offers *The Tempest*, with Michael Redgrave as Prospero, Alan Badel as Ariel, and Hugh Griffith as Caliban. Loudon Sainthill is the scenic designer, and Michael Benthall produces, fresh from presenting the glories of Cleopatra's Egypt at the St. James's. The last Stratford play (July 31) is *Henry the Fifth*, Richard Burton as the King. After this, visitors will be able to see the four histories at consecutive performances, a rare event in the theatre.

CLUB FESTIVAL

The stage owes a good deal to its clubs and experimental houses. I hope then, that during the excitements of Festival, playgoers will not be too dazzled by the planets and the constellations of the West End to forget such a theatre as the New Boltons in Drayton Gardens, Kensington. There Peter Cotes has just presented a distinguished piece, *A Pin to See the Peepshow*, which F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood founded on the same crime that the late Frank Vosper dramatised in *People Like Us*. Later, Peter Cotes will produce Shaw's *The Devil's Disciple* (May 29) and Shelley's tragedy, *The Cenci*.

IN CHURCH

My Lady's Tumbler, written especially by Ronald Duncan on the old legend of the tumbler of Notre Dame, is one of the plays for church presentation during the Festival. Peter Potter is producing it, with Cecil Beaton décor and music by Arthur Oldham, and, after five days in Salisbury Cathedral early in June, it will be transferred to St. John's, Waterloo Road, on June 18 for a run of three weeks.

IN THE HALL

There is to be a ballet between July 26 and September 1 in the Royal Festival Hall, which is half as large again as Covent Garden. The International Ballet will appear there, led by Mona Inglesby. Two of the new productions, Massine's *Capriccio Espagnol* and Algeranoff's *For Love and Money*, are especially designed for the occasion.

GETTING AROUND

To-night (May 23), Peter Ustinov's *The Love of Four Colonels*, with Moira Lister, Gwen Cherrell and Ustinov himself, will be produced at Wyndham's. . . . Frank Rennie's *The Chameleon*, presented by B. A. Meyer, opens at Glasgow on June 4; Irene Handl, Hector Rose and Patricia Raine are in the cast. . . . Alexandra Danilova will dance with the Festival Ballet during the current season at the Stoll; she arrives on May 28.

OUR BOOKSHELF

by Rupert Croft-Cooke

DARKNESS AND DAY. By I. Compton-Burnett. (*Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.*)

FESTIVAL AT FARBRIDGE. By J. B. Priestley. (*Heinemann ; 15s.*)

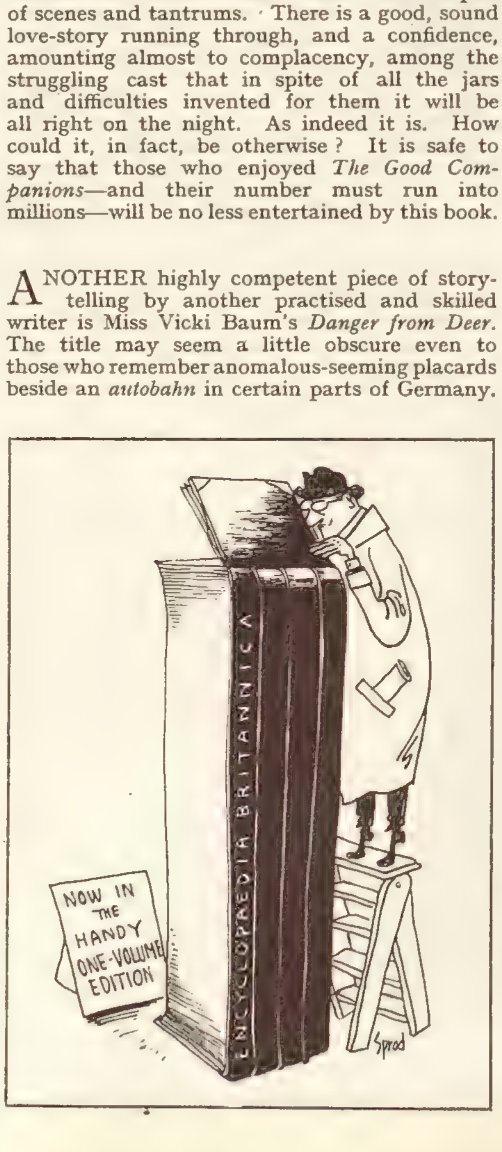
DANGER FROM DEER. By Vicki Baum. (*Michael Joseph ; 10s. 6d.*)

BORROWED TIME. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. (*Grey Walls Press ; 12s. 6d.*)

MISS COMPTON-BURNETT is one of those authors who divide most of us sharply into sheep and goats—the fans who tell you, suppressing their retrospective mirth and pleasure, that there is nothing quite like her work, that she is the wittiest and most profound of novelists, and on the other hand that yawning company of people who say that they simply do not understand what it 's all about. I find myself, unfortunately, unable to join whole-heartedly either faction. I like this writer's complete indifference to any world which her contemporaries might recognise, her dealing with people and situations of her own fantastic creation under names which might be of people we know and in settings which have a curious twilit reality. On the other hand, her interminable dialogue never seems to me quite as witty or worthwhile as enthusiasts maintain. *Darkness and Day* is yet another essay in this odd medium. Its plot—if one may use so downright a word—is, if anything, melodramatic, but it is so lost in the mazes of chit-chat in both drawing-room and servants' hall that the reader, and it would seem the author, is apt to forget it. There is an octogenarian, Sir Ransom Chace, who dies amid a few lines of conversation towards the end of the book, a number of loquacious servants, a governess and some primly articulate children. There are "situations" and a good deal of implicit unhappiness, for although no one is heroic or villainous, no one is very likeable, either. For those who know and like Miss Compton-Burnett's books this will be a new, if somewhat esoteric, pleasure. To those who do not know them, I recommend this as a wise experiment. They may form a taste for these novels.

IN a dedicatory letter to his publisher, Mr. Priestley makes clear how he wishes his new novel to be considered—he has returned, he says, to "the old comic tradition of story-telling, which is not dead yet, even though it is out of fashion just now." That is a brave claim to make for, in my mind at least, it means that the author is inviting comparison with the great human comedies of the past: with *Tom Jones* and *David Copperfield*, with *Tristram Shandy* and *Don Quixote*. In such company, of course, this large, rather fragmentary book is inconsiderable. But by more modest standards, as an entertaining "piece of reading" it deserves and certainly will obtain enormous popularity. Mr. Priestley further explains himself: "It is long really because it is a broadly based story (only covering a few weeks) containing an unusually large number of characters, who have all to be kept going, in the old comic way, which demands just about as much energy and gusto as a writer in his middle fifties can call to his aid." That must be true. There is a vast gallery here, and each of the persons introduced, the stuffily provincial or airily metropolitan, the golden-hearted or hard-headed, the bumptious, the silly, the brave, the good English people who jump up in the book's 600-odd pages, is carefully dealt with. Not one escapes with his secret. All are stripped and exposed deftly, patted on the back and dismissed. After being among these good average folk during the long reading of the book, one ends it feeling as though one had spent a few hours hemmed in by a Cup-tie crowd. Everyone is satisfactorily British and most of them mean well in spite of scenes and tantrums. There is a good, sound love-story running through, and a confidence, amounting almost to complacency, among the struggling cast that in spite of all the jars and difficulties invented for them it will be all right on the night. As indeed it is. How could it, in fact, be otherwise? It is safe to say that those who enjoyed *The Good Companions*—and their number must run into millions—will be no less entertained by this book.

ANOTHER highly competent piece of story-telling by another practised and skilled writer is Miss Vicki Baum's *Danger from Deer*. The title may seem a little obscure even to those who remember anomalous-seeming placards beside an *autobahn* in certain parts of Germany.



The phrase is made relevant by the deerlike, dangerous eyes of Ann Ambros, who at the beginning of the story is seen securing a comfortable place on a crowded train in the United States, by throwing a strategic faint. The reader quickly realises that this reveals her whole life and character; she had always known how to secure life's tit-bits and comforts at the expense of less attractive and less selfish people. Later, during the same train journey, her daughter breaks out of the constriction which life with this delicate, beautiful, scheming old woman had been, and in a fit of fury attempts to murder her mother by pushing her from the observation platform of the train. Mrs. Ambros, however, is not so easily murdered; she is, as a doctor says with figurative and literal truth, the "toughest little old lady I've ever seen in my life," and she lives to exonerate her daughter. But in the meantime, from the moment of her return to semi-consciousness on the railway line to her full awakening in hospital, she reviews her long life of cunning success against odds, her appropriation of her consumptive sister's famous husband, the shifts and pretences with which she had obtained what she wanted till she had become this sweetly frail old lady with the weak heart and the steel will. It is a very clever study in egotism and, at the same time, as ever with Miss Baum, a lavishly coloured story which roves back to San Francisco in its most opulent and picturesque days, to Paris and Vienna in the days of Francis Josef. Miss Baum deals a generous hand. A rattling good yarn.

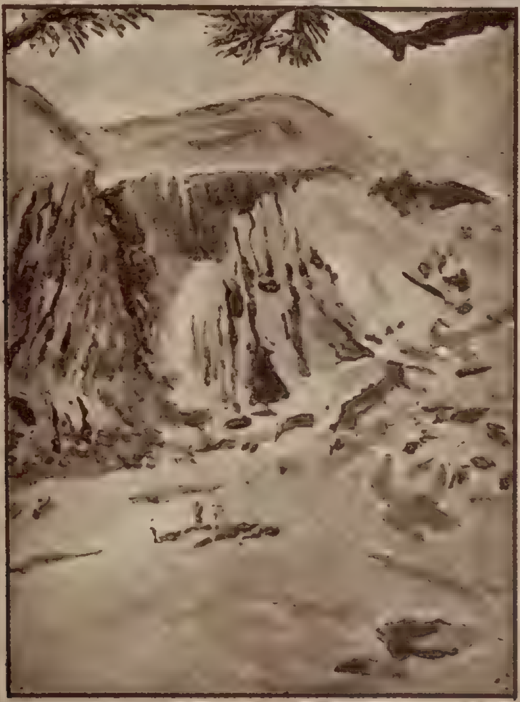
I MUST confess to disappointment over *Borrowed Time*. The recent very welcome revival of the late F. Scott Fitzgerald's books in an excellent series from the Grey Walls Press has led one to expect too much, perhaps. After such a novel as *The Great Gatsby*, a reader who, like myself, never knew Fitzgerald's work in the days of its first publication, was prepared for almost anything. This collection of short stories, however, makes the author seem dated rather than the voice of a period. They plainly owe too much to O. Henry and Jack London, and too little to the creative originality which is so strong in Fitzgerald's novels. The openings of almost any of them might indeed have been written by O. Henry. "Begin with an individual, and before you know it you find that you have created a type," is one of them; another, even more Henryesque, is that of "May Day"; "There had been a war fought and won, and the great city of the conquering people was crossed with triumphal arches and vivid with thrown flowers of white, red and rose." The stories themselves have the same dependence on situation, the same chess-player's indifference to anything deeper than the shape and markings of mankind, the same obsession with a neat plot, neatly turned. The first tale, for instance, is of a woman presented by a former admirer with a huge piece of glass which was, he assured her, as hard as she was and as beautiful and empty and easy to see through. The gift, by a series of narrator's tricks, influences her life, revealing the presence of a lover, cutting her child's hand to cause infection and loss of a limb, providing punch over which a fatal mistake in business is made, being a receptacle for the letter which informs her of her son's death in action. Such a device must have seemed old-fashioned even when the story was published, while to-day it is not even quaint. But there are, of course, some subtleties and brilliances in this selection, which has been made by Alan and Jennifer Ross.

WINSTON CHURCHILL AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

THIS year the Hon. Royal Academician Extraordinary has sent six pictures to Burlington House. Mark well the development in his brushwork from 1925 to 1951. In art, as in every aspect of his life, our versatile elder statesman is not content to be static.

"MAGNOLIA"

"FLOWERS"



"ROCKS"

"GORGE OF TODHRA"

"TREES"

"RIVER TODHRA"

OUR DANISH ROYAL GUESTS

RED-AND-WHITE banners, with flags and pennants, fluttered in the wide, gaily-decorated Mall as King Frederik and Queen Ingrid of Denmark drove towards Buckingham Palace for their State visit. In the first State landau are seen King Frederik and his host King George, with the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester, while the second carriage contained

Queen Ingrid, and the Queen and her daughters, Princess Elizabeth Duchess of Edinburgh, and Princess Margaret. A Sovereign's Escort was furnished by the Household Cavalry ; scarlet-coated Guardsmen lined the Royal road, and his Majesty's Bodyguard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms were on duty in the Grand Hall of the Palace. On arrival at Buckingham Palace the King conferred the Order of the Garter on King Frederik, and in the evening the Royal guests entertained the King and Queen to an informal dinner at the Danish Embassy. After four days of ceremony and sightseeing, Denmark's King and Queen were bade farewell by our King and Queen at Liverpool Street station.

Television at its best : Shaw's *Saint Joan*, first of the special TV drama productions for the Festival, was a triumph for Shaw, producers Kevin Sheldon and Val Gielgud, and the large cast. Here is the beginning of the famous court scene.

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

LOOKING AROUND

FORSAKING all other attractions we faithfully ploughed our way to the Television Pavilion immediately on our first visit to the South Bank Exhibition. We were in high hopes as to what we should find there. For is not television one of the most revolutionary and significant discoveries of the last hundred years? Is not the fact that, to-day, man can not only hear, but see, beyond his own horizon really quite something ? Something, at any rate, that deserves describing in detail from the earliest spark of inspiration to the very latest development. But, alas! We wonder how many people without technical pre-knowledge of television have come away from these particular exhibits more than a couple of jots the wiser ?

We found exhibit No. 23 looking very spruce, very neat and very new. Immediately on entering one finds an exceedingly potted history of television from 1925 to 1939—from Baird's first successful transmission of the picture of a ventriloquist's dummy's head, to the cessation of the service from Ally Pally at the outbreak of the last war. This is told in terms of mural cartoons and "blown-up" photographic montages. But nary a sign of any equipment belonging to this early period. On the first floor one is greeted by a somewhat involved diagram of the vision and sound "channels" for an outside broadcast, calculated to prove what a complicated business it all is. Then there are dozens and dozens of "stills" from past productions—some of them not captioned with the strictest accuracy. It was mildly astonishing to read that a somewhat Japanese-looking scene was one from *Pagliacci* and not, as we seemed to remember, from *Madame Butterfly*.

Then there is a glamorised version of a studio control-room, with the various functionaries represented by formalised wire shapes. These are labelled, admittedly, but not a hint is there to tell the layman what part they play during transmission. By the way, the production which is supposed to be on the air is the Dryden-Purcell opera, *King Arthur*; scarcely a typical programme! Also it purports to be in full glorious colour—surely that's cheating? A little further along is a model of a studio showing the performance of *King Arthur* in full swing. This is quite charming to look at and interesting; but, again, there was this maddening lack of explanatory information. A few more photographs, a painted fresco or two, and there you had it: nothing of any interest for the initiate and mere bewilderment for the layman. Surely one might expect to see described and demonstrated the work of television's producers, designers, cameramen, lighting experts and the host of other clever, hard-working bodies who contribute so efficiently. Would it not have been interesting, for instance, to follow the progress of a production from the preliminary script stage to the final transmission? But perhaps to be interesting was not the idea.

The Guide Book claims that the technical, as opposed to the purely entertainment, side of television is to be found in the Communications Section of the Transport Pavilion. We hied ourself along there and found the exhibit uncompleted. At least, we presumed that a great deal was yet to be done, because as an explanation of how television works it was a non-starter. We found three working sets (not even properly tuned when we saw them), an unexplained assortment of cathode-ray tubes and other unlabelled impedimenta. There *was*, however, an interesting working model of a camera's C.R. tube showing the process of scanning the mosaic by means of a pencil of neon light.

We did not have time to visit the Telecinema, which apparently is simply terrific, showing big-screen television and stereoscopic films. However, we hope to repair that omission by the next issue.

A recent potted version of Bizet's opera *Carmen* proved that operatic singers have to adapt their acting for TV requirements. Carmen (Jean Watson) and Don José (Anthony Marlowe), in a dramatic moment.

Kay Kendall and Andrew Osborn did their best with indifferent parts in a disappointing play, *The River*, by L. du Garde Peach—a story of Fenland intrigue and disaster that attempted to point a moral.

Based on the successful "In the News" series, the Children's Programme provides "Junior Wranglers." L. to r.: Michael Duke, Victoria Wright, Humphrey Lestocq, Faith Raymonde-Ashburne and John Horder.

LOOKING BACK

VAL GIELGUD can certainly claim a flying start to his programme of Festival Drama. Like the good leader he is, he decided to put his own fortunes to the test first with a production of Shaw's *Saint Joan* (associate producer, Kevin Sheldon). In every way it was a dignified occasion, and a worthy one with which to put British television drama on show.

Of all Shaw's plays, this is the one in which his characters most come to a life of their own, rather than remain as puppets dancing to the whims of his quizzical pen. But the effort demanded from both producer and actors is not a light one. There is yards and yards of talk, which, brilliant as it may be, still holds up the action. All this has to be learned—and delivered in a manner to hold interest. Not so easy as it may seem. Joan is specially difficult to play. The part, though long, is bitty and often used as a stooge for some subsidiary character. Then there are moments when she is genuinely inspired, and others when she is merely being tiresome. The actress has to blend those two Joans into one and make them convincing. In this case, Constance Cummings covered herself with glory. Her Maid was indeed a creature of flesh and blood, with the "wind in the hair" motif kept well under control; she was even allowed to have a sense of humour. Of the other beautifully played rôles we must pay tribute to Leon Quartermaine (Inquisitor), Alan Wheatley (Warwick) and James Carney (Dunois)—also to the effective décor of Peter Bax.

The other two drama offerings were lightweights by comparison. *The River*, by L. du Garde Peach, was one of those allegorical sermonising plays (why can't everyone in the world co-operate with one another?) which need that little extra if they are not going to bore. Though set in Fenland—which is unusual—this play did not have it. Dallas Bower did his best for the production, with interlarded film shots, but it was not an occasion for hour-faring.

The Bishop Misbehaves, by Frederick Jackson, was just a harmless creaking little comedy about a bishop with a yen for criminology. Not very memorable.

On the other hand, we will never forget some of the wonderful outside broadcasts we have seen during this period. Rightly at the top of the list comes a real achievement by everyone concerned: the Festival Dedication Ceremony from St. Paul's, together with the King's speech from the steps afterwards. That was a triumph. Unfortunately, the telefilm of the same broadcast was not—being indistinct visually and married to a wavering sound track.

We have been somewhat neglectful of the Children's Programme recently, but good things keep steadily appearing in it. *Treasure Island* is being most successfully serialised, with Bernard Miles as Long John Silver, and there was an ambitious special version of *The Tempest*. But what gave us most pleasure was the discussion programme, *Junior Wranglers*. One can foresee that this could become as popular as the grown-up *In the News*, and if Master John Horder, with his devastating cynicism, is to be a regular member of the team, he may easily become a television star in his own right.

LOOKING AHEAD

June 3 and 7.—*The Way of the World*, by Congreve. Production by Stephen Harrison. Stellar cast includes Sonia Dresdel, Griffith Jones, Agnes Lauchlan, Alan Wheatley, Margaretta Scott.

June 5.—*The Shadow of the Tree*, by Canadian author Joseph Schull, with Barbara Kelly, Budd Knapp (coming from Canada specially) and Bernard Braden. Producer: Ian Atkins.

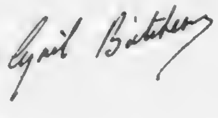
June 7.—Three O.B.s: Trooping the Colour, Richmond Horse Show, and first Test Match from Nottingham.

June 12.—For those who saw *The Consul*, Gian-Carlo Menotti's previous short opera *The Telephone* will be an interesting broadcast. Christian Simpson is producing, and Elizabeth Boyd and Eric Shilling are playing the two characters.

The same evening, and repeated on the 14th, will be *Breakers Ahead*, by Guy Martin. Production: Kenneth Buckley.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE

Constance Cummings, for a superb Joan in Shaw's *Saint Joan*. Miss Cummings made the Maid most satisfyingly three-dimensional. The fey side of her character was kept rigidly under control—which is not always the case with other actresses. She was allowed to laugh, but never to depart from the line of utter sincerity.



WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

RONALD WHITE, for having never been beaten in the Walker Cup, and for his unsurpassed record of 5½ points in three of these matches.

AMERICA has again won the Walker Cup, but Britain was not disgraced, for White, playing superb golf, put up a gallant fight. In the singles *v.* Charles Coe—two of the finest players either side the Atlantic—White won by 2 and 1. And White and Carr halved the foursomes against America's Stranahan and Campbell.

HOMER HERPEL: For his "Teleform" mirror, which shows up our golfing faults.

ON the theory that golfers could quickly correct their faults if they could see themselves swing, American golfing pro. Herpel devised his "Teleform" mirror. Here he's demonstrating his invention to a pupil, while at the same time enabling the girl to compare her swing with his own.

MR. RICHARD STOKES: For elevating himself to the Production Peerage.

THE wits have been cudgelling their brains for a nickname since the Lord Privy Seal intervened to speed up progress on the Festival Gardens. "Lord Festival" had already been allotted to Mr. Morrison. "Lord Funfair" seemed out of place. But he solved the question himself when leaving for Washington to hunt out raw materials, by calling himself "Lord Precious Metals."

JACQUELINE AURIOL, daughter-in-law of France's President, for flying a jet fighter at 508.9 m.p.h. and breaking the women's air speed record.

Mme. Auriol set up a new world speed record for women when she piloted a French-built Vampire jet fighter at an average speed of 508.9 m.p.h. over the 100-kilometre Istres-Avignon return course. Former record, held by American Jacqueline Cochran, 470 m.p.h. Mme. Auriol has two small boys.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

JAROSLAV DROBNY

For his evasion of the Iron Curtain to develop his triumphant game in comparative freedom.

DROBNY'S retention at Bournemouth of the British Hard Courts singles championship, from F. Ampon (Philippines), by 6—4, 6—2, 6—0, recalls his history. A P.O.W. in Germany during the war, he was put to work in a factory, which greatly increased his muscular development. He grew very strong ; is small but powerful ; has a back like iron. His service, smash and tactics make him a most exciting player to watch. In 1948 Drobny left Czechoslovakia to compete in the Swiss championships ; he was ordered to return to his home country, but refused, preferring to remain in the free world. Later he took Egyptian nationality, under whose flag he plays the game.

"LA RONDE."—Jean-Louis Barrault as the Poet, and Isa Miranda as the Actress in Max Ophuls' brilliant, elegant, and candid film based on the Schnitzler play *Der Reigen.*

★ ★ ★ AT THE

REVIEWS *by* C. A. LEJEUNE

"LA RONDE"

THERE were long odds given and taken by sporting critics who saw *La Ronde* on the Continent, where it picked up a *grand prix* or so, that Max Ophuls' brilliant, elegant, diverting and unabashedly candid film would never be passed by the censors for this country. It has been passed, however, and granted the new X certificate, which means that it must not be shown to people under sixteen, even if an adult escorts them to the theatre. I shouldn't think many adults would care to, though. Not, at least, if they had much French.

La Ronde is based on a Schnitzler play, *Der Reigen*, which raised a storm of argument when it was first produced some thirty or thirty-five years ago. The scene, of course, is Old Vienna. The music is by Oscar Straus, who has woven through the story a waltz just as tantalising, and likely to be almost as popular as the Harry Lime tune. The characters are types rather than individuals; men and women without explicit names, who are carried by a symbolic merry-go-round in endless and unrelenting pursuit of one another.

We are told that the theme of *La Ronde* is Love, but this, of course, is nonsense. Love implies, amongst other things, tenderness and consideration, and there is not a scrap of either in this glitteringly heartless picture. The theme is simply desire—the physical desire of women for men, and of men for women. As someone has very properly observed, the whole thing is played in the shadow of the bed.

Anton Walbrook, as the master of the merry-go-round, turns a handle, and the puppet figures start revolving. The prostitute accosts the soldier, the soldier seduces the housemaid, the housemaid pursues the young master, who turns to the conquest of the married woman; the woman's husband rapes the shop-girl, the shop-girl desires the poet, the poet enjoys himself with the actress, the actress makes a monkey of the officer, who in turn finds himself in bed with the original prostitute.

La Ronde is a cynical study of impersonal seduction, which bears no relation at all to the ethics of human behaviour. It is entirely non-moral, and therefore curiously inoffensive. Mind you, I would call it a hair-trigger success; one touch of humanity, one character who really loved or suffered for a moment, would have made the whole thing utterly nauseating.

The acting is perfect for this type of film; cool, sparkling, artificial, venomous. Every lady is a seductress; every gentleman sees in himself a conqueror. If I were forced to pick out one player for special praise, I would choose Fernand Gravey as the slightly faded husband. If I had to select my favourite moment, I would vote for the one in which Daniel Gelin, as the naïve student, whispers to the spring air in rapture that he is the *amant* of *une mariée.*

★

"THE GALLOPING MAJOR"

COMPARED with the elaborately showy confections we are accustomed to have served up to us by Hollywood, *The Galloping Major* is as rough and knobbly as a rock-cake. It looks home-made, and it *is* home-made, but it won't be relished any the less for that. It is lighter than most rock-cakes, and thoroughly wholesome and satisfying.

The producer and director, Monja Danischewsky and Henry Cornelius, used to work at Ealing Studios before they went off to make pictures on their own account, and it may be from Ealing that they have learnt the art of mixing real-life with fantasy, and spicing all with native humour. At all events, this comedy puts one in mind of *Passport to Pimlico* and *Whisky Galore*; foreigners may well enjoy its jokes, but we shall understand them better.

It is described in the credit titles as "A Fairy Tale about Horse-Racing." It is about the householders, shopkeepers and workers of a quiet backwater somewhere in London's N.W. postal area, who club together to buy a race-horse, which they have dreams of entering for the Derby. Unfortunately, they send Basil Radford to attend the sale, and Mr. Radford, a retired Major who keeps the local pet-shop, buys the wrong horse, a sad-looking nag who refuses to run and prefers to jump—and that only when it has a mind to.

So they have to enter it for the National instead of the Derby, and on the eve of the race it coolly opens the stable door and walks away. The rest of the film is concerned with the nation-wide search for the missing horse; its discovery on location with a film company; who have sprayed it white to provide a mount for Good Queen Bess; the mobilised efforts to rush it to Aintree in time for the start; the piqued withdrawal of its jockey, who sees himself turned into a public laughing-stock; and, finally, the race itself, with Basil Radford puffing and blowing, in borrowed silks, on the beast's reluctant back.

The *Galloping Major's* victory is, of course, preposterous, but not nearly so preposterous as it must have seemed to the script-writers when they set it down on paper, before the crazy Grand National of 1951. By the last fence every other horse in the race is either down or out, and the *Major* itself is somewhere far out in the country, crawling along like a tortoise, and thoroughly bored with the whole affair. Only the roar of a passing aeroplane—but you can guess the rest. . .

FILMS IN BRIEF

"FOLLOW THE SUN."—The story of Ben Hogan, the plucky American golfer, whose legs were shattered in a car accident, who was told that he would never walk again, and came back to win the U.S. Open Championship. (Last month, as an unexpected bonus for the film, he went and won the Masters'.) A beautiful performance by Glenn Ford makes this honest picture almost as exhilarating for non-players as for golfers.

"OUT OF TRUE."—A short and telling British semi-documentary, made under Government auspices to correct the impression that mental homes in this country are madhouses or snake-pits. Almost painless to witness and distinctly valuable.

"BORN YESTERDAY."—A sharp American stage-play has had its point blunted in translation to the screen, but Judy Holliday is superb as the delightful moron who takes an intensive course in culture, and learns too many things too fast for most people's comfort.

"MAD WEDNESDAY."—Harold Lloyd tries with incomplete success to revive a comic figure that was immensely popular in the silent days. The material seems threadbare, but there are genuinely funny patches.

"BALLERINA."—An unusually cheery Russian film, about the quickly-mended heartbreaks of young students in the theatre world of post-war Leningrad. The love-story is naïve, propaganda is always peeping round the corner, but the whole thing has a tremendously exciting sense of *theatre*, and guest artist Galina Ulanova dances "Swan Lake" like an elemental.

"THE GALLOPING MAJOR."—Left to right: Bill (Jimmy Hanley), Pam (Rene Ray), Maggie (Joyce Grenfell), Major Hill (Basil Radford), Sir Robert Medleigh (A. E. Matthews), and the bailiff's man check up on the receipts for their racehorse syndicate.

CINEMA ★ ★ ★

PREVIEW

HAPPY GO LOVELY is a British-made musical in Technicolour, set in Edinburgh at the time of the annual Festival of Music and Drama. It is the story of a show-within-a-show, in which David Niven plays the part of B. G. Bruno, millionaire greetings-card manufacturer, who is persuaded to back one of the lighter contributions to the Festival—a musical called *Frolics To You.* Cesar Romero has the rôle of the producer, John Frost, who is having trouble with the financial side of the undertaking; and Vera-Ellen plays Janet Jones, a chorus girl who, owing to a misunderstanding, is suddenly given the rôle of leading lady in the show. The film is to have a charity première, in aid of the Purley Schools, at Warner Theatre on June 7.

Right: John Frost (Cesar Romero, left) does not at first believe in the cheque for £10,000 given him by millionaire Bruno (David Niven, right) to back the show, and thinks it is just a leg-pull.

Below: One of the high spots of the show-within-a-show is a modernistic ballet called "Piccadilly Fantasy." This number features Vera-Ellen and a group of dancers, including Jonathan Lucas, seen here with her.

STAGE.—Sir Laurence Olivier: For presenting the Shakespearean and the Shavian views of Cleopatra's Egypt, and for playing both Julius Cæsar (above) and Mark Antony.

J. C. Trewin

LITERATURE.—Mr. Neil Bell, who deals brilliantly with the problem of lost identity in his novel *The Dark Page*.

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

RADIO.—Robb Wilton: For his wonderful fireman on the day the Festival Broke Out.

Frederick Laws

SCREEN.—Judy Holliday, a solo performer with a wicked talent, who comes from Broadway to play her original part as the not-so-dumb blonde heroine of *Born Yesterday*.

C. A. Lejeune

Photographed by Fred Daniels.

ENCHANTMENT IN CAMERA

The field lined up for the final.

OUT-OF-DOORS

MOTOR RACING AT GOODWOOD

By A l'Outrance

Farina waits calmly while his mechanic makes final adjustments to his Maserati.

FOR more than a hundred years Goodwood has been traditionally associated with one of the most pleasant meetings of the racing calendar. But since the Second World War it has been rapidly building a new reputation as one of the few centres of motor racing in Great Britain, and on Whit Monday more than 30,000 people assembled there for a full programme organised by the British Automobile Racing Club.

It was the enthusiastic support of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon that enabled the B.A.R.C. to turn a derelict fighter aerodrome into a first-class road-racing circuit, whose background is formed by the hills leading up through the grounds of Goodwood House to the single horse-power circuit on The Trundles.

The scene is the same, but the thud of hoofs has given way to the roar of engines, the whine of superchargers, and the reek of racing fuel. The crowd which assembled on Whit Monday was promised some exciting racing, and the promise was fulfilled. Before practising began, the lap record was held by B. Bira (Prince Birabongse of Siam), who had averaged 90.38 m.p.h. with his Italian Osca at the Easter meeting; but both Reg Parnell—at thirty-nine years old our most experienced Grand Prix driver and chosen to lead the co-operatively built and financed B.R.M. team—in his Thinwall Special, and the Italian Dr. Giuseppe Farina, reigning world's champion, in his Maserati, had raised this to 92 m.p.h. by unofficial timing, so there was every promise that the fierceness of competition would lead to a new official record.

The international status of the meeting was strengthened by the appearance of Johan Claes, of Belgium, with a Talbot; Baron de Graffenried, of Switzerland, with a Maserati; B. Bira with his Osca, and Franco-American Harry Schell with another Maserati.

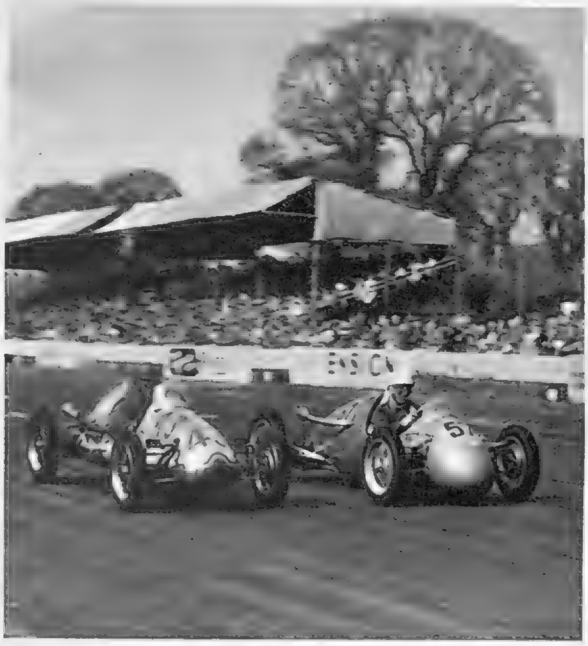
Supporting the stars of the meeting were those amateur British drivers who, with inadequate equipment and limited resources, demonstrate so often that courage and determination are not the prerogatives of the ace drivers, and on this occasion such enthusiasts as Tony Rolt, Brian Shawe-Taylor and Rob Gerard showed again that their will to win far exceeds the capabilities of their cars.

The Whit Monday meeting consisted of two events, each subdivided into two seven-lap (16.8 miles) heats, and a fifteen-lap (36 miles) final. The first was for those little motor-cycle-engined cars which have done much to liven

The start of the 500-cc. final.

Baron Tullo de Graffenried sliding his Maserati into Madgwick Corner.

de G[illegible]ffenried (left) and B. Bira (right). discuss their chances.



Stirling Moss (Kieft) takes the lead from Eric Brandon (Cooper).

Mrs. D. M. Glover, Mr. Glover, Ken Gregory and Stirling Moss with cup and garland.

up post war racing and to teach budding young drivers the way to success, while the second was for racing cars of any size or type—known in racing circles as formula libre.

Although suffering from plug trouble in the initial heat, Stirling Moss—quite the most promising of Britain's younger racing drivers—driving his new Kieft, made no mistake in the final, which he won at the record speed, for his class, of 82.28 m.p.h., at the same time raising the lap record to 84.55 m.p.h. Much of the credit for his victory is due—outstanding driver though he is—to the amazing cornering capabilities of his car, which appeared to be glued to the road.

The heats for the big race were won by Parnell and Bira—Farina being content to qualify for the final in second place behind Bira—but during the heats both Parnell and Farina raised the record officially to 93.11 m.p.h. Only one minute before the flag fell for the final, Bira succeeded in getting his car to the line, after frenzied work by his mechanics to rectify lubrication trouble, only to retire on the first lap. Parnell led from start to finish, but that statement does not indicate a dull race. Only two seconds behind him lay Farina, driving hard, and he was first to raise the lap record higher still. Parnell matched it; Farina replied with a terrific effort; but Parnell had the last word, as on his penultimate lap he raised the record to 94.55 m.p.h. His average speed for the whole race was also a new record at 91.64 m.p.h.

Tending to be overshadowed by this battle between the two leaders, there were others who deserve their share of the glory. The efforts of Shawe-Taylor on his British E.R.A. to catch de Graffenried, and of Rolt to pass Hamilton's unwieldy Talbot, were motor racing at its best.

Those who remember Brooklands saw car racing which could be followed almost as far as the Goodwood Cup can be followed from the top of the grandstand on the hill above.

On this circuit one behaves rather like the " —That was " Shell advertisement. Nevertheless, 30,000 people last Whit Monday certainly saw an excellent answer to that vexed post-war question—what to do with your old airstrips.

Specially photographed for " The Sketch " by Louis Klementaski.

Mr. and Mrs. Parnell were pleased with his win.

Drawn by Michael Ffolkes

“Ὁ διαβολος!”

FESTIVAL SCULPTURE ON EXHIBITION IN . . .

HERE 'S sculpture of all sorts for you, in different materials, carved, moulded, bent into one shape or another, grotesque, representational, or catastrophic, just as your school of thought dictates. If you are sculpture-minded, you will find all these and much more in Battersea Park, and the Land Travel Exhibition now touring the Midlands.

PAPER—"*Hunting*," by Bruce Angrave.

STONE—"*Biolith*," by Barbara Hepworth.

IRON—"*Iron Bird*," by Louis Archambault.

BRONZE—"*Standing Figure*," by Henry Moore.

WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.

CEREMONY

May 24. The King attends the service for the Order of the Bath in Westminster Abbey. The King and Queen visit an exhibition of Traditional Art from the Colonies at the Imperial Institute.

May 26. The King presents the King's Colour to the R.A.F. in Hyde Park.

May 28. The Queen attends a performance of the Hitchin Pageant at Priory Park, Hitchin, Herts.

May 31. The Queen receives an honorary degree from Manchester University. Princess Elizabeth is guest of honour at a reception at Lancaster House during the London Fashion Fortnight.

June 1-4. The King and Queen visit Belfast and open the Festival of Britain Exhibition there.

June 6. The King and Queen attend the opening of the Royal Tournament, Earl's Court.

ENGAGEMENTS

The engagement is announced between:

Peter Robin, son of Mr. John **Kirwan-Taylor**, of Hans Court, S.W.3, and Mrs. Charles Hill, Grove House, Alveston, Gloucestershire, and Julia, daughter of Comdr. **Graeme Ogden**, D.S.C., of Lindsay Lodge, Sunningdale, and Mrs. Sheila Ogden, 1b, Herbert Crescent, S.W.1.

Lieut.-Comdr. the Hon. Terence Victor **Stopford**, Royal Navy, youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Courtown, of The Old House, Aylesbury, and Sheila Adèle, only daughter of Mr. Philip H. **Page** and Mrs. Henry Mason, of Firlands, Weybridge, Surrey.

William Mortimer, elder son of Major and Mrs. C. V. **Lanyon**, of Eastway, Bishop's Waltham, Hampshire, and Sybil Anne Hamilton, only daughter of Mr. C. H. **Borthwick**, M.C., and Mrs. Borthwick, Thornham Hall, Eye, Suffolk.

Michael James, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. John **Fenton**, of 34, Horniton Street, Kensington, W.8, and Alison Elizabeth Mary, only daughter of the Rt. Hon. W. **Glenvil Hall**, M.P., of 216, Ashley Gardens, Westminster, S.W.1, and of the late Mrs. Hall.

Joseph Oliver, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edmour de G. **Landry**, of Ottawa, Canada, and Mrs. Diana Elizabeth Kovarik, daughter of Sir Norman **Vernon**, Bt., and Lady Vernon, of 57, Westminster Gardens, S.W.1.

Lieut. M. E. St. Q. **Wall**, R.N., son of Captain and Mrs. Bernard St. Q. Wall, of Burpham House, near Arundel, Sussex, and Shirley Ann, daughter of the late Captain William **Morrice** and Mrs. Benson, of Stokecliff, Dartmouth, Devon.

SPORT

RACING

May 25, 26.	Hurst Park.
,, 26, 28.	Ayr.
,, 28, 29.	Wolverhampton.
,, 29–June 1.	Epsom (DERBY, May 30; The OAKS, June 1).
June 1, 2.	Thirsk.
,, 4, 5.	Lewes.
,, 5, 6, 7.	York.
,, 6, 7.	Brighton.
,, 8, 9.	Bogside, Doncaster, Lingfield.

GENERAL SPORT

Caledonian Games at the White City, May 26. Inter-County Croquet Championships at Hurlingham, May 28. Ladies' Amateur Golf Championship at Broadstone, June 4-8. First Cricket Test Match: England *v.* South Africa, at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, June 7-12.

ENTERTAINMENT

THEATRE NEWCOMERS

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Regent's Park Open Air Theatre)—Robert Atkins' Festival production, with Prudence Hyman as Titania.

"The Love of Four Colonels" (Wyndham's)—by Peter Ustinov, starring Moira Lister, Gwen Cherrell and the author.

"The Lyric Revue" (Lyric, Hammersmith)—with Joan Heal, Roberta Huby and Graham Payn. May 24.

"The Devil's Disciple" (New Boltons)—revival of Shaw's comedy. May 29 for three weeks.

"Taking Things Quietly" (Ambassadors)—a new comedy, with Basil Radford and Joan Haythorne. May 30.

"London Melody" (Empress Hall, Earl's Court)—a new musical starring Belita. May 31.

"Merry Wives of Windsor" (Old Vic)—a new production. May 31.

"Penny Plain" (St. Martin's)—an intimate revue, with Joyce Grenfell, Max Adrian, Elizabeth Welch and Desmond Walter-Ellis. Due about third week in June.

MUSIC

At the Royal Festival Hall:

May 25. The Hallé Orchestra. Conductor: Sir John Barbirolli.

May 26. The Hallé Orchestra and The Hallé Choir, conducted by Sir John Barbirolli. Soloists: Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, Gladys Ripley, Richard Lewis, Tom Williams.

May 27. London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Solo Pianoforte: Eileen Joyce.

May 28. London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Anatole Fistoulari.

May 29. London Symphony Orchestra with Goldsmiths' Choral Union. Conductors: Richard Austin, Constant Lambert. Solo Violoncello: Leily Howell. Baritone: George Pizzy.

May 30. Philharmonia Orchestra with Morley College Choir. Conductors: Walter Goehr, Michael Tippett.

May 31. London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Serge Koussevitsky.

June 1. London Junior and Senior Orchestras 25th Birthday Concert. Founder and conductor: Ernest Read. Solo pianoforte: Eileen Joyce.

June 2. Tito Gobbi. Accompanist: Ivor Newton.

June 3. London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Josef Krips. Solo violin: Jean Pougnet. Solo viola: Frederick Riddle.

June 4. The Orchestral Concerts Society, Ltd., present Jennie Tourel.

June 5. The Orchestral Concerts Society, Ltd., present Margherita Carosio. Song recital.

OPERA

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: Performances of "The Pilgrim's Progress" on May 30, June 14, 21 and 26. Season continues until July 7.

At Sadler's Wells: the Festival season continues until June 9.

At Savoy Theatre: The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in a season of Gilbert and Sullivan Operas under the direction of Sir Malcolm Sargent.

BALLET

At Sadler's Wells: the Festival season continues until June 9.

At the Stoll, Kingsway: the Festival Ballet, with Markova, Dolin and Riabouchinska. Until mid-July.

The Sadler's Wells Ballet, now on holiday, return to the Royal Opera House for a further season on July 3.

ART

At Victoria and Albert Museum: Centenary Exhibition of the Crystal Palace of 1851. To Oct. 11.

At the Tate Gallery: Henry Moore Exhibition. To July 29.

At Burlington House: Royal Academy Summer Exhibition.

At Royal Society of Arts, John Adam Street, W.C.2: the Exhibition of Exhibitions. To Oct.

At Hutchinson House, Stratford Place, W.1: National Sporting Trophies Exhibition. To Sept. 30.

Open-Air Exhibition of Sculpture in Battersea Park. To Sept.

1951 Exhibition of Dutch and Flemish Old Masters, at Slatter Gallery, 30, Old Bond Street.

Festival Exhibition of British Painting (1925-50) at New Burlington Galleries, W.1. To June 9.

Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours Spring Exhibition, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street, W.1.

Royal Society of British Artists Exhibition, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, S.W.1. To June 14.

Twenty Brook Street, W.1: Modern Masters and Artists of To-day.

Early English Watercolours, at Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street.

Exhibition of Masterpieces, at Wildenstein Gallery, 147, New Bond Street. Opens May 31.

Royal Photographic Society Exhibition, 16, Princes Gate, S.W.7.

OTHER EVENTS

May 23-25. Chelsea Flower Show at Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

June 6-23. Royal Tournament, Earls Court.

June 7. Trooping the Colour, Horse Guards Parade.

June 7-9. Richmond Royal Horse Show.

SOCIAL EVENTS

The Royal Caledonian Ball in the Great Room, Grosvenor House, on May 25, in aid of various charities connected with the Highlands.

A Ball at Hutchinson House, Stratford Place, W.1, in aid of the National Sports Development Fund, on May 28. Princess Margaret will attend.

The Opera Ball at the Dorchester in aid of the English Opera Group on June 5.

The Victoria League Jubilee Ball at Hurlingham Club on June 5. Princess Margaret will attend.

The Guinea Ball at Roehampton Club, in aid of the Family Welfare Association, on June 6.

A special performance of "Three Sisters" at the Aldwych Theatre, in aid of the Infantile Paralysis Fellowship, on June 7.

The Eton Mission Ball at the Dorchester on June 8.

ENGAGEMENTS

Harlip.

Miss Margaret Ann Izat, daughter of Sir Rennie and Lady Izat, and Mr. Thomas Gordon Little, who are to be married on June 16.

Fayer.

Miss Elizabeth Mary Jack, daughter of Mrs. Brereton, of King's Lynn, who marries Capt. C. J. Griffin, The Buffs, on June 16.

Fayer.

Miss [illegible]semary Graesser, of Argoed Hall, [illegible]rexham, who is marrying Dr. D[illegible]vid Fletcher Shaw, son of Sir W[illegible]liam Fletcher Shaw, on June 1.

Fayer.

Miss Agnes Jean Russell Landale, who is marrying the Hon. Fiennes Neil Wykeham, only son of Lord Cornwallis, on June 1.

Yevonde.

Miss Julia Ogden, who announced her engagement last month to Mr. Peter Robin Kirwan-Taylor. See opposite page.

Peter North.

Miss Venetia Skipworth, of Sittingbourne, Kent, and Lieut. J. M. B. Walkey, R.N., who are to be married this summer.

Fayer.

Miss Diana Mary Satow, who is to marry Lieut.-Comdr. David John Ivor Garstin, R.N., on June 2.

Lenare.

Miss Diana Chester Master, of Johannesburg, who is marrying Mr. Davis McCall, of Westmeath, Eire, on May 28.

ENTERTAINMENT

Betty Grable stars in the film *Call Me Mister* at the Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion.

Lesley Osmond, ex-Windmill starlet, now appearing at Oddenino's, who have just put on cabaret again for the first time since 1939.

Belita, skater and ballet dancer, is in *London Melody*, a new musical coming to Empress Hall, Earls Court, on May 31.

Bill Currie and Walter Wade will be amusing the diners at the Berkeley Restaurant with their duets for a short season.

Orson Welles has the title-rôle in the film of *Macbeth* at Cameo-Polytechnic, Oxford Circus, on May 30.

Joan Haythorne plays opposite Basil Radford in *Taking Things Quietly* at Ambassadors Theatre on May 30.

Margaret Phelan, well-known American night-club singer, opens in cabaret at the Bagatelle Restaurant on May 28.

Dorothy Tutin plays Ann Page in a new production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the Old Vic on May 31.

Photographed by Angus McBean.

RENÉE ASHERSON

plays Irina in the all-star Festival revival of Tchehov's *The Three Sisters*, with Celia Johnson, Margaret Leighton, Sir Ralph Richardson and Harcourt Williams.

LITERARY schwepping stones

All book-lovers know their Schweppshire.. It is difficult to go far in this county — more than about two miles, say — without stopping and lingering over some literary associations.

How far Hardy associated " Casterbridge " with Cirenschwepster is not known, but there is little doubt that the creator of *Barschweppster Towers* was literally soaked in its atmosphere. No need to be reminded that the lovely lyric, " When all the world was mad, lad ", from the *Schweppshire Lad*, was written within a stone's throw of the lacrosse ground of the Knitters and Needleworkers Federation Building.

The undrained field which forms the greater part of our ornamental garden saw the birth of the savage realism of Spenser's *Schwepherd's Calendar*.

Municipal Museum at CIRENSCHWEPSTER

It was in the tin refuse box by the Waterworks that the ever meticulous Percy Byssche Schweppey placed his twopenny tickets after his favourite journey to the deserted bus-stop where he wrote *Schweppepsychidion.*

It was while staying at Schwep Holyoake that Dante Gabriel Roschweppi was paid the signal honour of a visit from Ralph Waldo Schweppërson, the American poet, who must, if this tradition is accurate, have been nearly 110 years old at the time. He chaffed Dante for his *Schwepitaph on a Dead Poodle.* " Where is the great schweppic we are waiting for ?" he added. D.G.R. retorted, as usual, with a long quotation from *Marius the Schwepicurean.*

Written by Stephen Potter · Drawn by Lewitt-Him

ASCOT ENSEMBLE

By Veronica Lee

WEATHER uncertainties make the two-piece for Ascot an essential. Here are two schemes, both with reversible coats and one with just that extra warmth for a chilly day.

Left: A Selita two-piece model in cream and parma-violet moss crêpe. The coat is reversible—that is, lined with the cream of the dress—and features big buttons on turn-back cuffs. On the draped bodice of the dress is an attractive bobble ornament studded with bugle beads. Obtainable from Margaret Marks of Knightsbridge. The cream hat in coarse straw is by Madge Chard.

Right: Another reversible coat in fine maize-coloured boucle wool and white rayon slub which could go over a number of different dresses and yet give the effect of an ensemble. An alternative version is in navy and white and has a detachable white collar and cuffs. Called "Flight" and comes from Jacqmar.

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ASCOT ENSEMBLE

By Veronica Lee

Two Ascot outfits, both made by Roecliffe and Chapman. On the left is a taffeta dress with stripes of black, grey and yellow giving an all-over grey effect, and with it is worn a short-sleeved coat in black poult. Available at Hunt of Bond Street, and Richard Bird of Knightsbridge; and most reasonably priced at 5½ guineas for the dress and 7 guineas for the coat. On the right is a white embroidered georgette dress completed by a coat in scarlet shantung and a matching belt and flower. From Richard Bird of Knightsbridge, at 25 guineas for the ensemble. The big white organza trimmed straw hat comes from Gardenia of Piccadilly.

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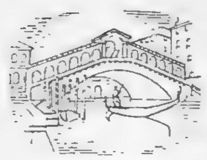

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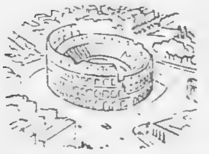

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Hotel Principe & Savoia Palace Hotel

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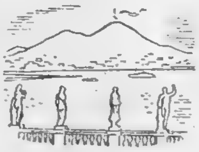

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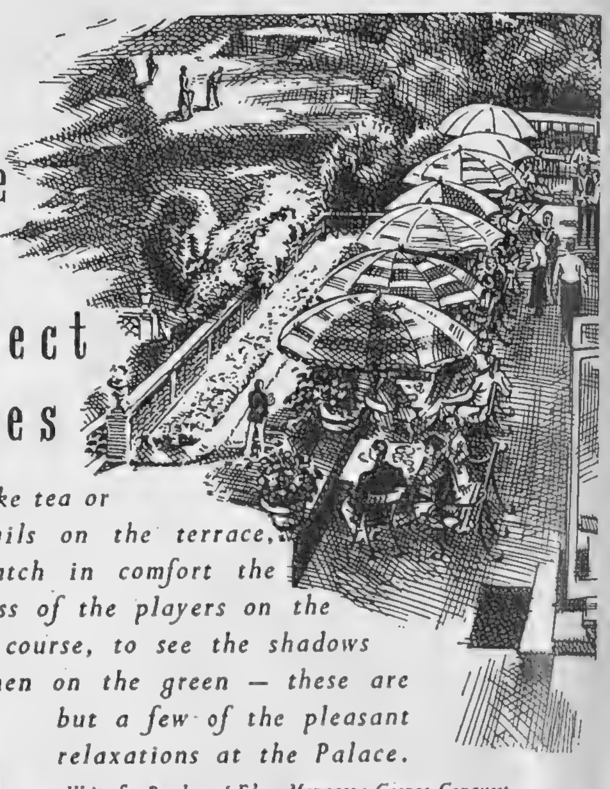

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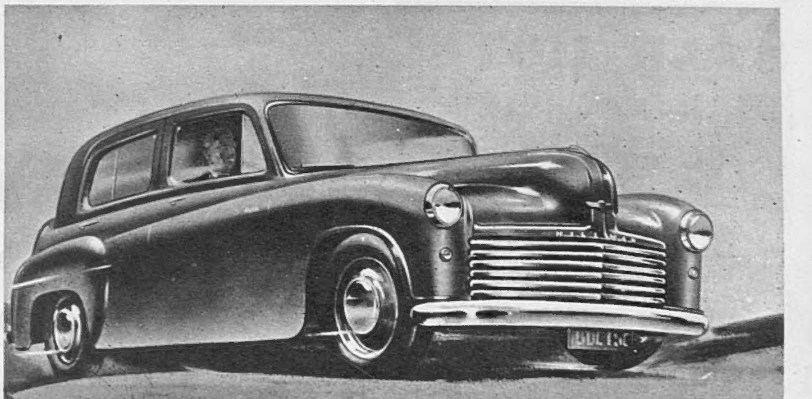

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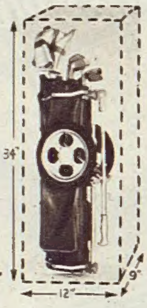

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